

Marrying 421

Chapter 421 Lurking In The Dark

Cherise walked confidently towards the villa, her footsteps resounding in the quiet air.

The footsteps behind her grew closer and more urgent.

Cherise quickened her pace as her heart pounded in her chest.

She knew she was insignificant in the mansion; even her husband, Damien, held no power within those walls.

Without Mr. Kolson, no one could speak up for her; she had to rely solely on herself.

Cherise hurried through the floral pathway of the Lenoir Residence.

Her racing heart finally calmed as she reached the entrance of the Lenoir Residence. She had come this far; surely, she was safe now...

“Ah!”

As she pondered, the footsteps behind her suddenly stopped. In the next moment, her whole body was violently jerked backward as her backpack was yanked-

Cherise found herself in Tristan’s arms.

“Let go of me!”

She cried, struggling against his grip with all her might.

She had been cautious but never expected that Tristan would dare to touch her as soon as she stepped foot in the mansion's living room!

*Shut up! Why are you screaming?

Tristan nervously covered her mouth, swiftly dragging her into a corner of the small garden. "I finally caught you alone. Did you think I would let you go?"

"That blind man has been interfering the last few times, and it angered me!"

Cherise struggled and yelped as she bit his hand. Let go of me!"

"Do you conveniently forget the promise you made last time? If you touch me again-

Tristan seethed with suppressed rage as he remembered the past incident.

With a swift motion, he raised his hand and delivered a resounding slap. 'Smack!' The sound echoed through the air. "You dare mention that last time?" he growled.

"Acting all innocent and virtuous in front of me every damn time!" he spat, his voice filled with

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contempt.

"And what happened? It made the headlines, almost resulting in someone else's child!"

Cherise was left dazed, seeing stars from the intensity of his blows.

Despite the pounding in her head, Tristan's scornful and condemning voice continued to ring in her ears.

Cherise clenched her teeth. "That was fake news!"

Lennon

"I never had anything with Lennon... so keep your hands off me!"

"..."

"So? What's your excuse now?"

With a sneer, Damien landed another brutal slap. "It doesn't matter, you're already tainted. What harm would it do if I had my turn?"

He tore Cherise's dress apart, his hands ruthless and relentless.

"Tristan!" Cherise seethed.

Cherise gritted her teeth and pleaded, "Think about the consequences of your actions!"

"I don't care about consequences. So what?" Tristan's laughter was hollow as his eyes burned with malice.

He let out a chilling laugh. "Oh, Cherise, you might not know," he sneered, "but Damien took that huge contract from your precious Shaw Group for you. Well, it backfired. The quality of the clothing he provided was poor, and he got caught."

Cherise stood there in shock. She felt her stomach drop, and her knuckles turned white. How could this happen?

Did the problems that Lennon mentioned today relate to the company's current issues?

Tristan's contemptuous laughter filled the air. "Surprised, Cherise? Let me enlighten you. My father and I were the masterminds behind this chaos," he snickered.

"After we signed the cooperation contracts with you, most of the profits went into your pocket. We were barely breaking even in our business with you," Tristan sniggered, his words filled with disdain.

"So, what did we do? We resorted to producing low-quality goods. Then, we switched these items with the ones you shipped from your factory. During inspections, the faulty products would naturally be traced back to your company while ours remained untouched."

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empire is on the verge of collapse. There's no escaping it now."

"You'd be better off with me. I could give you all the luxuries you desire. I'd treat you like a queen!" he sneered.

He then reached out, intending to continue tearing Cherise's dress off.

"Stop!"

Chapter 422 Whispers Of Vengeance

A cold, resolute voice cut through the air.

This voice...

Instinctively, Cherise followed the sound and looked in its direction-

In the distance, Lennon held a video camera, capturing the unfolding scene.

“Tristan, I’ve recorded everything. There’s no escape,” Damien confronted.

Cherise was taken aback, her eyes darting between the camera in Lennon’s hands and the thundering rage on Tristan’s face. It finally dawned on her—she understood what was happening—

Tristan, too, realized the seriousness of the situation. His face twisted with anger, and he was overcome with sudden fury as he delivered a resounding slap across Cherise’s face. “You betrayed me!” He bellowed.

She felt the blood drain from her face, leaving her momentarily paralyzed.

Her legs weakened, causing her to stumble towards a nearby pillar. Lennon acted swiftly, extending his other hand to prevent her from crashing into it.

Amidst the commotion, Old Mr. Lenoir, supported by Mr. Hampson, emerged.

He quickly assessed Cherise’s red and disheveled appearance, then looked at Tristan and understood the situation.

“You despicable beast!” Old Mr. Lenoir’s voice thundered. He fiercely banged his cane, instructing Mr. Hampson, “Take him away and whip him until he’s silenced!”

“Wait.” A cold voice interrupted.

Lennon put away the camera with a faint smirk. “It’s Tristan’s affair with Damien’s wife, so Damien should handle it, right?”

“Instructing him now might backfire. If Damien isn’t satisfied with your punishment, will Tristan bear the lashes for nothing?” Lennon mocked..

Old Mr. Lenoir snorted and leveled a fierce glare at Lennon. The matters of the Lenoir family are none of your business!"

Lennon met the stare head-on and retorted defiantly. "Well, here I am, intervening anyway."

Lennon smiled faintly. "Old man, perhaps you're not aware," he began, "I'm not only the child that the Belcourt family adopted; I'm also Damien's business partner and his closest friend."

"Closest friend?"

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Old Mr. Lenoir scoffed, repeating those words. His cold eyes stared at Lennon and remarked, "I don't see that friendship between you two."

"Don't assume I'm oblivious," the old man continued, his voice laced with sarcasm. "You undoubtedly exploited Cherise's trust in you, lured her here, and set up this scheme, baiting Tristan into the trap."

"I know Cherise better than you think. Even if you wanted her to participate in this plan of yours, she might not have agreed."

Old Mr. Lenoir's words left Cherise stunned; her hands clenched silently at her sides.

Her heart swelled, and tears glistened in her eyes. She hadn't expected... Old Mr. Lenoir... to defend her.

Previously, Damien had told her that Old Mr. Lenoir knew about the incident with her uncle Elvis.

Yet he still spoke up for his stubborn daughter. It shocked her.

Tristan sneered coldly and gritted his teeth. "Hmph, old man, if you knew he plotted against me, why hit me?"

Old Mr. Lenoir shot Tristan a sharp glare, silencing him instantly before he could finish his sentence.

Lennon merely offered a faint and sardonic smile. "Impressive observation, sir."

"I did all this merely to resolve Damien's issues, he explained calmly.

"Since I brought Cherise here, I won't allow her to suffer in vain.

A cold snort escaped Old Mr. Lenoir, but he remained silent.

"In light of your grandson's mistreatment of your granddaughter-in-law, Lennon continued, his voice weary, "it's crucial to gather the family and find a resolution. And then there's Maeve; she has been meddling in the Lenoir family affairs for years. I doubt she feels any familial connection to the Lenoirs anymore."

Old Mr. Lenoir narrowed his eyes, carefully considering Lennon's words.

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Chapter 423 Maeve's Vengeful Return

Old Mr. Lenoir let out a deep sigh and then commanded Greg, "Gather everyone back."

Greg turned around and headed back to the living room. "Please come inside, everyone."

Twenty minutes later, the members of the Lenoir family arrived.

Tristan's jaw dropped as he stared in shock at the woman before him; her face was so contorted it barely resembled a human. "What... What is this?"

"A monster!"

"She scared the life out of me!"

"Is that so?"

Maeve chuckled softly, wheeling her wheelchair and deliberately spinning it a couple of times in front of Tristan. "I remember when we were kids, you used to enjoy playing with me, cousin."

Tristan was so shocked that he nearly fell to the ground.

"You... you're Maeve?" he stammered.

"Yes,"

The woman replied indifferently, stopping beside the sofa and glancing at Cherise's pale face.

"Aren't you supposed to be dead?"

Tristan's eyes widened in disbelief. "You... you're alive?" he gasped.

"What? My beloved cousin isn't happy that I'm alive?"

Maeve said with a faint smile. "Well, I can understand."

"You don't seem too happy that I'm still alive," Maeve said icily.

"Everyone seems to think that all of the Lenoir wealth belongs exclusively to the Lenoir members," she continued.

"Neither I, my brother, nor my parents can compete with you for it."

Wanda stood next to her and rolled her eyes contemptuously. "Maeve, considering the state of your throat, perhaps it's wise to keep your words to a minimum"

"Your face might be terrifying, but at least your voice still works."

"Keep babbling, and I'm afraid you'll lose the ability to speak in the future," Wanda continued

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derisively.

Maeve scoffed, "Aunt Wanda worries too much."

"Even if you die, I won't lose my speaking ability

Old Mr. Lenoir's frown deepened upon hearing the biting, cold sarcasm.

"That's enough!" Old Mr. Lenoir bellowed.

Old Mr. Lenoir's cane struck the ground with a resounding thud. "We haven't seen each other for so many years!"

“Yet every time we meet, it turns into an argument! Every single time!”

“Well, Grandpa, you should know I never wanted to see her in the first place.”

Maeve sniggered coldly.

Wanda rolled her eyes. “I second that!”

As the two women argued vehemently, Damien sat gently beside Cherise, delicately applying a medicinal solution to the swollen red marks on her face.

“That’s enough.”

Old Mr. Lenoir sighed and handed the chip that Lennon had given him via Greg. “Play this,” he ordered.

Greg nodded.

Soon, the enormous curved television screen in front of them lit up, displaying the earlier scene in the courtyard where Tristan had ruthlessly slapped Cherise three times.

He even came close to stripping her dress off

His words alone could provide a solution to the problems the Shaw Group was currently facing.

Raymond’s face turned sickly pale as the recorded footage played, and slow fury consumed him.

He gritted his teeth and glared hotly at Tristan. “Get on your knees!”

Tristan rolled his eyes, snarled, and begrudgingly knelt down..

To him, it was just a few slaps and touches on Cherise.

Was all this fuss necessary?

'Clap, clap, clap,' the room echoed with the slow and chilling applause.

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It was Maeve.

"Cousin, your straightforwardness never fails to amuse," she sneered.

Her icy gaze then settled on Raymond, who stood before her. "Uncle Raymond, do you have anything else to say?"

Raymond's face blanched, and his voice faltered as he felt bile rising. "I... About this matter..." he stammered.

Throughout the day, Raymond had been discussing the incident with Damien and Maeve.

Despite his efforts, the outcomes were far from satisfactory.

Now, Tristan had revealed everything.

He lowered his head and said solemnly, "Raetec Group accepts responsibility for our actions in this matter,"

“We are committed to compensating for your losses and...”

“We seek more than just Raetec Group, a voice interjected.

Chapter 424 Legacy In Flames

“Uncle Raymond,” Maeve’s cold voice cut through the tension. “I have discovered that despite your supposed partnership with Raetec Group and Dame, you secretly used the assets of the Lenoir family that were inherited from Grandpa.”

Her icy stare bore into him, and she said sternly, “You have two options, Uncle. First, willingly sever all connections with the Lenoir family, publicly admit to every action you have taken, and ensure that from now on, your affairs will have no association with ours.”

“The other choice,” Maeve’s lips curled into a malicious smile. Still, her voice remained cold, “is to release this footage, exposing you, your Raetec Group, and the entire Lenoir family legacy, effectively destroying everything that has been built.”

Raymond’s eyes widened in shock and trembled in fury. “You wouldn’t dare!”

“Maeve, the Lenoir family is our blood, sweat, and tears, for which we work so hard!” Raymond pleaded.

She shrugged and replied dismissively, “Watch me. The legacy of the Lenoir family might have been your heart and soul, but I intend to shatter it into pieces.”

“Rest assured, even if you choose the first path,” Maeve’s voice turned venomous, “I will still destroy the Lenoir Group, piece by wretched piece.”

“Consider what has been done to secure the Lenoir Group’s legacy.” Maeve sniggered callously.

“I am committed to watching it crumble, slowly and painfully. There is no sweeter satisfaction than witnessing its demise.”

Maeve’s words hung heavily in the air, leaving everyone in the Lenoir Residence speechless.

Cherise stared at Maeve, and her jaw tightened as a bone-chilling realization settled in her chest.

Cherise had long suspected that Raymond, Damien’s uncle, was responsible for destroying Damien’s parents and sister in the past. Although Tristan had distanced himself from the Lenoir Group, Cherise was aware of the immense importance of the family legacy built over generations. by the Lenoir family.

The revelation sent shivers down her spine, and a sinister aura loomed over the room.

Damien had revealed to her how deeply his parents cherished the legacy, aspiring to enhance the reputation of the Lenoir family.

However, every word from Maeve’s lips was now aimed at destroying the Lenoir family’s legacy.

It was solely because of Raymond’s insatiable greed that she intended to eradicate everything.

This seemed rational and plausible at first.

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Yet, the Lenoir Group was not at fault.

Its millions of employees were innocent bystanders.

As were the other members of the Lenoir family entangled in this unfortunate situation.

Why should the sins of one, Raymond, lead to the shattering of countless lives and dreams?

Old Mr. Lenoir's brows knitted in concern. "Maeve, is this level of cruelty truly necessary?"

"Cruelty?" Maeve's laughter dripped with malice. "I don't see it that way."

"Grandpa, I know exactly what kind of person you are," she sneered.

"I must ask, why has the Lenoir family withered away over the years?"

"Isn't it because infighting is a cherished tradition within our family?"

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"Didn't you also scheme against your brother to inherit this legacy of the Lenoir family?" she sneered, her eyes cold and calculating. "When my parents fell victim to Uncle Raymond's schemes, you didn't lift a finger, did you?"

Old Mr. Lenoir frowned, and his gaze fixed sharply on Maeve. His voice turned icy and distant. "Is that how you see it?"

"Without a doubt," she replied indignantly.

Maeve let out a bitter laugh. "Uncle Raymond conspired with outsiders to tamper with my parents' car and hired a fugitive to ram a large truck into them. I have thoroughly investigated every detail of that incident."

"And then," she continued, her voice turning colder, "when Uncle Raymond discovered I had uncovered his scheme, he arranged an arson, hoping to silence me for good, to cover his tracks."

“Do you think saving me through a staged death gives you control over my loyalty?” She taunted, each word sharper than the last.

The relentless barrage of questions left Old Mr. Lenoir speechless as his fingers tightened around the cane.

She continued mirthlessly. “Now, I want to completely destroy this Lenoir Group.”

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Chapter 425 Beyond Broken Ties

“In the future, there will be no more disputes, no more rivalry. Everyone can go their separate ways; wouldn’t that be great?”

“But...”

Lennon, standing nearby, shook his head with a faint smile and jeered, “Even if you destroy Lenoir Group, what then?”

“In the future, even if you and Dame manage to rebuild a thriving business, can you guarantee that

your descendants won’t tear each other apart for the spoils?” Maeve retorted; her gaze was sharp and cold.

“The downfall of the Lenoir Group doesn’t rest on the shoulders of the organization itself but on the twisted ambitions of the Lenoir family members.”

Maeve glared at Lennon. “Why do you care?”

“Frankly, it’s none of my business,” he said casually.

Lennon shifted into a more comfortable position on the couch. “I’m merely disturbed witnessing the annihilation of a once esteemed and respected establishment, all because of your impetuous vendetta.”

She hurried to the company early in the morning, determined to meet Damien and make him comply with her demands. She intended to exploit Raymond’s recent mistakes, exacerbate the situation, and involve the entire Lenoir Group.

Although it was a minor case involving counterfeit goods, she believed that sensationalizing it could tarnish the reputation of the Lenoir Group.

Lennon noticed the divergent problem-solving approaches of Damien and Maeve.

In the past, Damien had once proposed holding the Lenoir Group accountable for his parents’ tragic fate.

But as time unfolded, his perspective changed.

He hoped for the truth to surface so Raymond could face the consequences he deserved and perhaps find redemption for being too weak to save them when he was younger.

Yet, Maeve remained stubborn to destroy it all.

“What happened with your parents back then...

Raymond closed his eyes and let out a bitter chuckle. “If I were to claim innocence, I’m certain you wouldn’t believe me.”

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“But that incident...”

He let out a bitter laugh and looked up at Maeve, “Maeve, thirteen years ago, you tried to tarnish my name with baseless accusations, hoping to make me pay for what happened to your parents.”

“I did not expect you to still hold onto that hatred from the past.”

“Yes, I misled your mother, convincing her to transfer her shares to my name.”

“But I never intended to harm anyone, Raymond said in remorse.

Maeve’s grip tightened on the wheelchair’s handles; her voice trembled in fury. “It’s been years, Uncle Raymond. Your insistence won’t resurrect the past.”

She fixed her steely gaze on him. “Think logically. Who had a motive to kill my parents, if not you?”

Old Mr. Lenoir remained silent.

After a pregnant pause, he sighed, glancing at Damien, who was tenderly attending to Cherise’s wounds. “Damien, what’s your take on this?”

“I can’t say much. You have the upper hand.

Damien nonchalantly placed the object he held aside and delicately wiped the corner of Cherise’s mouth. “Will my words ever matter to any of you?”

Nobody in the Lenoir family had acknowledged him ever since he was a little boy.

Not his grandfather, nor his uncle and aunt...

Not even the household staff.

Since Maeve's passing, he had felt like a forsaken child carrying the weight of loneliness in a world where the only person willing to listen had vanished.

But now, Damien realized that it had all been his wishful thinking.

Not even Maeve had ever truly valued his opinions.

Having built his own successful business, he could challenge the influence of the Lenoir family and the power to command obedience.

Yet, he remained utterly insignificant in the eyes of his family.

Even after spending an entire day explaining to his sister that evidence and a personal apology from Uncle Raymond were needed to rectify the past, that obliterating the Lenoir Group was not the solution.

Yet, his words were brushed aside.

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Especially Maeve, who was not willing to hear him out.

Chapter 426 An Eye For An Eye

Damien couldn't help but feel deeply disappointed. He had always believed that his sister, his closest confidante, would understand his inner turmoil and despair. However, she remained completely unaware of his struggles. All she cared about was seeking vengeance and making the entire Lenoir Group pay for their parents' demise.

"We'll follow your lead," Old Mr. Lenoir sighed deeply, his gaze fixed on Damien. "I just want to know, what's your plan now?"

"Will you listen to me?" Damien scoffed lightly, placing the object in his hand on the table. He stared at Old Mr. Lenoir with continued hostility. "I do have my own ideas."

He glanced at the curved television screen before him and commanded, "Retrieve the records."

"Of course, Damien quickly retrieved the video footage from his phone.

These files contained the footage where Tristan had solemnly pledged to never harm Cherise again.

"Tristan had made it clear that if he laid a finger on Cherise again, he'd rip out his own eyes." A stone-cold gaze fixed on Raymond. "Uncle Raymond, I present you with two options. Either surrender the Lenoir Group to me willingly..."

"Or," his tone turned sinister, "An eye for an eye. Tristan, experience eternal darkness."

A chilling silence fell over the entire mansion.

Wanda stood up abruptly, shielding her precious son behind her. "No one touches my son's eyes!"

"Damien, her voice cracked with fury, "you're heartless! It was just a minor incident with your foolish wife, and you dare demand my son's eyes!"

"I-1"

"Uncle Raymond, Damien interrupted, lifting his gaze to meet Raymond's. "I'm giving you a choice.

"If you agree to hand over the Lenoir Group to me and pledge never to target it again, I will spare Tristan's eyes this time," Damien stated coldly.

“But if you choose to destroy Tristan’s eyes,” he continued, his voice taking on a chilling edge, “I will focus my wrath on your brainchild, the Ractec Group. I will withdraw from competing with the Lenoir Group, and your precious Raetec Group will bear the brunt of my fury.”

“Maeve wants to obliterate the Lenoir Group, and you want to salvage it. That’s your battle. I’m out,” he declared.

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“Damien!” Maeve hissed through gritted teeth, her voice barely audible.

In the absence of her ally, Mandy, and with Damien refusing to support her, she found herself at a loss in confronting Raymond.

“I’m exhausted, Damien sighed, rubbing his temples and pulling Cherise closer. “I simply want to have a peaceful life.”

“The decision is yours, Uncle Raymond, he continued.

Raymond stood frozen, his hands clenched into fists at his sides.

He glanced at Damien and then at Tristan, whom Wanda shielded. His jaw clenched tightly. “Damien, can I trust your words?”

Damien nodded, his large hand gently patting Cherise’s back. “You have my word.”

“Very well, Raymond said.

Raymond took a deep breath, reached out, and picked up the scissors from the coffee table. He moved slowly, heading in Wanda’s direction.

“Dad-1” Tristan screamed in terror, and his knee began to jerk.

Wanda, too, went berserk, clutching Tristan’s head protectively in her arms. Her face was pale with fear.

“Enough, Raymond!” she shrieked.

“He’s our flesh and blood!”

“Even if we forsake the entire legacy of the Lenoir Group, we’re still a family!”

“If you destroy Tristan, I’ll have nothing to live for!”

Raymond narrowed his eyes, and a flicker of agony crossed his gaze.

Yet, his grip on the scissors remained firm..

He walked steadily toward Mandy, his voice firm, “Tristan, everything I have is yours.”

“Just the eyes...”

If he couldn’t see, then so be it.

Tristan lacked the necessary intelligence to inherit his empire anyway.

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Chapter 427 Eye For An Eye

Tristan’s eyes were a small price to pay for gaining a worthy opponent like Damien.

“Dad will take care of you in the future.”

Raymond’s voice was low and comforting. He sounded like the most loving of fathers.

But he was about to commit the cruelest act in the world.

All of Lenoir Group’s businesses had to be his.

Raymond knew there was no turning back ever since he leaked his brother and sister-in-law’s personal information thirteen years ago.

He was too far gone to consider turning back now.

He had only one goal in mind, and nothing would stop him from achieving it.

Raymond was the true heir to the Lenoir Group. Everything belonging to his father would be his and his alone!

“Dad-!”

Tristan’s eyes were bloodshot and swollen with tears. A man turning thirty was crying like a child, “Dad.”

“Aargh!!”

Damien shielded Cherise’s eyes the moment blood started splattering.

Cherise did not see anything.

But the metallic smell in the air and Tristan's screams of agonizing pain made her chest tighten painfully as if a hand was gripping her heart tightly.

Damien took a black silk handkerchief from his pocket and blindfolded Cherise. Holding her tightly, he said, "Uncle Raymond has made his decision."

"And I always keep my word."

Damien sighed and said, "Lennon, call Jacob. Let me know when you're finished."

Lennon turned pale. He quickly nodded.

Damien picked Cherise up and walked out the door..

Even though Cherise was still blindfolded, her eyes were tightly closed for fear of seeing something.

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As a medical student, she shouldn't be afraid of gore.

But that was too much for her.

She couldn't bear to watch.

Even though Tristan had hurt her, she couldn't bear to watch him.....

Damien cradled her gently in his arms and carried her to the car.

"You're safe..."

“You’re safe...”

Hiding in Damien’s arms, Cherise asked, “Is... Is this what your family is like?”

Damien squeezed her hand.

It took him a few more minutes to respond. Damien laughed bitterly and nodded.

“This is what the Lenoir family is like.”

Cherise nodded. Her teeth were chattering.

She now understood why Damien had pretended to be blind and weak for so long.

The Lenoirs... They were ruthless.

When she was a child, she often heard the saying, ‘Even tigers don’t eat their young

The saying meant that even tigers, known for their brutality, would not harm their cubs.

But...

Cherise couldn’t help but imagine Raymond stalking towards Tristan with scissors in his hand.

The Lenoirs were cruel and immoral creatures, even worse than animals.

Back then, if Damien, who had no family or power, hadn’t pretended to be blind or stupid.

Then he would have....

Cherise squeezed Damien's hands tightly. "Will you become like this too?"

"No."

Damien held her even tighter. "I scared you, didn't I?"

"Don't dwell on it."

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"From today onwards, we will have nothing to do with the Lenoirs"

Raymond had taken the lives of Damien + parents. In return, Damien took his son's eye

The debt has been settled

He didn't want to pursue in and fight them any longer

They didn't care about anyone except themselves. They carried quickly

But he was different

Damien pulled Cherise towards him

He had things he couldn't afford to love and people he wanted to keep safe

'T

Damien

Lennon called from outside the car

His face was serious as he tapped on the window

Chapter 428 Do Not Mess With Cherise

Damien raised his head slowly and gave Lennon a cold look. He gently released his arm from around Cherise and said, "Let Mr. Kolson take you home, alright?"

"I have some matters to attend to."

Cherise nodded and hugged herself. "Go ahead."

"Take care."

Damien kissed her forehead and stepped out of the car.

The car started moving.

Cherise curled up in the backseat and remained still.

Fear grew in her chest. Strange and unsettling images flooded her mind...

Damien watched until Cherise's car disappeared from his view.

Once it was gone, he turned back to Lennon. He clenched his fist and punched Lennon in the face.

Lennon staggered to the side.

He wiped the blood from the corner of his mouth. "Was that really necessary? Cherry wasn't even hurt."

Damien had spent the entire day in a confrontation with Danielle at the

Danielle wanted to destroy the Lenoir Group.

While Damien only wanted Raymond to face consequences.

The two of them argued all day but couldn't reach a resolution.

company.

That's why Lennon decided to use Cherise as bait to trap Tristan and disrupt the complicated relationships within the Lenoir family.

Of course, Lennon didn't inform Damien about his plan to use Cherise.

But even so, he kept a close watch on Cherise since she left school.

He knew how much Damien cherished her and made sure she didn't suffer much.

"What if Tristan had targeted Lucy instead?"

"What if Lucy was the one slapped by Tristan?"

Damien grabbed Lennon by the collar, his eyes filled with rage. "Do you think you could have stayed calm?"

"Damien!"

Lennon frowned, grabbing the hand on his collar. "I thought you would realize it was a setup."

"Cherise didn't experience much harm!"

"But if I hadn't involved her, would you and Danielle have resolved your conflict without fighting?"

"If it weren't for what I did, would you have peacefully stepped back?"

Damien glared at Lennon, refusing to let go.

Lennon took a deep breath. "Don't think I don't know that you've barely given any thought to the situation with your family!"

"All your attention is focused on Cherise!"

"How much work have you done for the company recently?"

"If you hadn't neglected your responsibilities, Raymond wouldn't have had the opportunity to do this!"

"Cherise is all that's on your mind. Your sister noticed it too. That's why she took control of the company and started that fight with Raymond."

Damien narrowed his eyes.

Lennon took a deep breath. "Cherise has gained a lot."

"All I wanted was for her to make a small sacrifice for you. Was that too much to ask?"

"Yes."

Damien sneered. His knuckles turned white with anger. He struck Lennon. "Lennon, I know you think you're doing this for my own good."

"But I won't allow anyone to harm Cherise."

"Not even myself."

Damien's icy glare remained fixed on Lennon's face. "We've known each other for so many years. You should know better than anyone what kind of person I am."

"There won't be a second chance."

"If there is... If you mess with Cherise again."

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Chapter 429 No One More Important Than Her

He sneered at him, saying. This is as far as you and I go."

Damien then tossed Lennon aside. Shoving his hands into his pockets, Damien spun around and walked away.

Lennon watched him go. He closed his eyes tightly and clenched his teeth.

“It’s just one woman! Is she really that important?”

“Yes.”

Damien laughed bitterly, “She is that important to me.”

So important that he would even let go of years of accumulated hatred just to live a peaceful life with her.

Damien returned home to find Cherise on the couch, curled up under a blanket.

She was watching Boonie Bears on the TV. Brian, Bramble, and Logger Vick were going on a holiday together.

He walked over and pulled her into his arms, asking, “Are you still upset?”

Cherise froze. Instinctively, she tried to push him away before realizing it was Damien.

Her heart skipped a beat, and she nestled into his chest..

“Darling...”

“I know you’re having a hard time processing what happened today.”

Damien closed his eyes. “Are you scared?”

“The same blood runs through my veins.”

Cherise tensed.

But she shook her head firmly, “I know you’re different

Damien sighed. He held her tighter. With a bitter smile, he said, “I used to be just like them.”

No attachments. No hesitation. He was like a wild dog itching for a fight.

But now..

1/3

He gently stroked Cherise’s hair. I’ve changed since the moment I met you.”

Maybe that was why his grandfather insisted on him marrying her.

She was innocent, pure, kind, lovely, enthusiastic, and had a zest for life.

Only a girl like her could melt the heart of someone as cold as Damien and make him regain his humanity.

Cherise took a deep breath and snuggled deeper into his chest. “Any news from Jacob?”

“And.... How is Tristan doing?”

“They managed to save one eye.”

Damien cupped Cherise's face. "Do you think I'm cruel?"

Cherise hesitated to answer. She nodded and then quickly shook her head.

"I'm taking a risk."

Damien held her close. A cold hardness returned to his features as he stared into the darkening sky.

"I'm gambling on whether Uncle Raymond still cares about family."

"Even if he chooses to let go of Lenoir Group and never gets involved with our business, as family, I won't let him fall into poverty."

"But, he chose to hurt his own son."

"He is, as I suspected, ruthless and cruel."

"I don't want to continue fighting against someone like him."

"For now, at least. Until I can ensure your safety, I won't engage in another battle with him."

"Because he lacks any semblance of humanity."

"And I have someone I hold dear."

Cherise held his hand tightly but did not say anything for a long while.

Finally, she exhaled and kissed Damien on the lips. "Thank you, my love."

She was grateful for how much he cherished her.

Even though she had lost everything.

Her uncle. Her aunt. Her grandmother and even Skay and Tay.

2/3

He was the only one left who cherished her.

It was her greatest fortune.

"I should be thanking you."

Damien kissed her back. "Are you packed?"

"Tomorrow... I'm taking you to Ziphon to visit Zachary?"

Chapter 430 Nightmare-

Cherise froze.

After everything that had happened today, she had completely forgotten that Damien had promised to take her to visit Zachary after her exams.

But...

"What about your businesses in Adania and your family? Can you really just drop everything and leave?"

Damien gently pinched her cheeks. "I told you I won't be bothered with them anymore."

"And I won't."

"But..."

"Finding Zachary is far more important."

He squeezed her hand. "Your concerns are more important than mine."

Cherise didn't know when she drifted off.

All she remembered was Damien holding her and talking to her.

She vaguely remembered him kissing her ear and saying. "Thank you for coming into my life."

And then she fell asleep.

She had a strange dream.

In her dream, a group of men dragged a woman into a room.

She couldn't move or speak. The woman lay motionless on the bed.

She could hear a man's laughter and a woman screaming from the next room.

Her cries were so heartbreaking that they would bring anyone to tears,

Cherise lay on the bed. She wanted to sit up and say something, but she couldn't move.

All she could do was listen to the woman's shrieks of pain.

"Beckham."

"Beckham!"

"Beckham..."

1/3

Finally, the woman cried, "I'll kill every one of you with my bare hands!"

Cherise startled awake.

She was drenched in sweat.

She closed her eyes and leaned back against the headboard, trying to regulate her breathing

Why did she have such a dream....

She did not know that woman.

Nor did she know anyone named Beckham.

"Madam, are you awake?"

Frances' muffled voice came from the other side of the door.

ww

Cherise froze. She instinctively turned to look at the time. It was past seven in the morning. Wiping the sweat from her forehead, she got out of bed. "I'm awake."

"Where's Damien?"

She remembered he had mentioned that they were going to Ziphon today to visit Zachary

"He left early in the morning."

Frances smiled brightly as she led Cherise downstairs. "He left in a hurry but didn't forget to ask me to make you breakfast. You're going with him, right?"

Cherise nodded. She sat down at the dining table and picked up a spoon. "Did he mention what time he'll be back?"

Frances shook her head. "He said you might have to wait a while for him."

"He needs to take care of some things so he can go with you to visit your uncle."

Cherise nodded. She started packing after breakfast.

By the time she finished packing, it was past ten in the morning.

But Damien still hadn't returned.

She tried calling him, but he didn't answer.

He must be busy.

Without any response, Cherise lay spreadeagled on the couch and texted Lucy.

2/3

“Cherry, I’ve decided I won’t have any feelings for Lennon anymore!”

It was obvious from her voice that Lucy had been crying. “I can’t believe he used both of us!”

“He is completely different from the person I thought he was!”

“I don’t want to hear from him ever again!”

Cherise thought for a moment and recalled yesterday’s events.

She gave a small smile. “It’s really not that bad. Lennon is probably more practical than we are.”

Cherise’s chest tightened as she remembered what happened yesterday.

If Lennon hadn’t done what he did, Damien and Danielle might still at it today.